

RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

"We stand before the secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance and unity into variety."—Emerson.

Vol. 1, No. 6.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE, 1900.

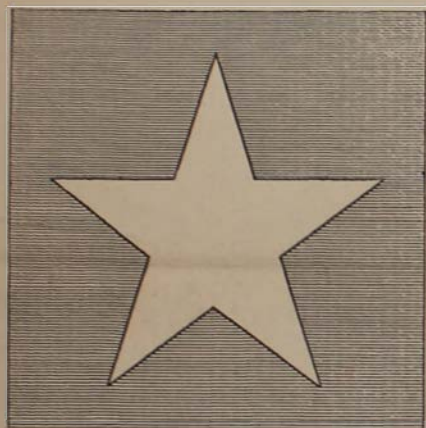
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Thinking in the Heart, Or,

Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON I.



In my experience with students I find that one and all ask help for stronger realization. All seem to know that mental action is aimless and void unless it tends toward a truer understanding of Life as it is, and not as it seems. To get away from the seeming and into the reality is to walk the path of realization.

Have you not seen a child reaching out to a bit of flickering sunshine on the floor, and have you not smiled indulgently at its baby efforts to grasp the golden plaything? Your smile is born of superior wisdom, but you are just as ignorant of that which attracts you, now, in your stage of the game, as is that baby on the floor. There was a time when you also cried and kicked in childish rage and disappointment because you could not seize that bit of sunshine in your chubby little palm. And here you are chasing it still. No longer, as in your baby days, do you creep after it, for with the growth of years you have developed the power of running, and so you follow in swift pursuit your flock of sunshine all over the world—and never grasp it!

Hence it follows that you are either crabbed and embittered or else saddened and melancholy. From start to finish the sunshine you sought to grasp was a bit of happiness, but always and ever it turned to illusion just as your hand closed upon it. You have reached the darkness of night. The sun has set and there is no longer the

tiniest speck of sunshine for you to follow. So you say and think, but, O, child in the house of truth, do you not know that the sun does not sink to rise no more? Tomorrow is coming and with it the sun. Possibly the clouds may obscure it, but there is another day after that. There is not a weather bureau in existence which will predict cloudy days forever, and there is a perfect analogy between the physical and mental world, so I am sustained by science in my fair-weather prediction. Somehow, somewhere, your sun will rise and shine, whether you believe it or not.

But you never can grasp sunshine in your hand. That has been your mistake. Moreover, it would not do you any good if you could so grasp it, for sunshine, by virtue of its fine, etheric nature, permeates you and fills you with its life-giving power, which it could not do if solid enough to be held in your hand. Do not quarrel with the sunshine for being just what it is, but place yourself in a certain relation to it and receive its influx.

And now look at the diagram which heads this lesson while I explain it to you. It is that of a radiant figure set in a dark background, and I have chosen it to represent a central truth in the law of Being. This truth is that God and Man are one. If you can get a realizing sense of this you are on the path of realization. You will notice that as the rays from the centre push outward they grow narrower, until finally they reach a point, and just for the purpose of illustration I am going to suppose that this point of the ray represents the mind of man before it has much knowledge of Reality. Let the dark background stand for negation or matter and you will see that the mind at this stage of its unfoldment has not at its command so much of the central light as it must possess when active in the wider and ever-widening ray as you trace it toward the centre.

Now, right here I wish to make an important distinction between consciousness and the thinking process. They seem at first sight to be one and the same, but they are not, for I can think and be conscious of myself as thinking, or I can think and not be conscious of that thinking. For instance, I may set out to give my undivided attention to a subject, and after a few moments of concentrated thought, off goes my attention to one or more extraneous subjects, and I busy myself with them un-

til I pull myself together with a start and discover that I have strayed away from my subject. During the interval of thinking I was not conscious of the straying, but now I know of it. Undoubtedly there are mental operations continually going on in me of which I am not conscious, for I am a much larger being than I formerly supposed myself to be. How large, do you ask? Why, as large as Infinity itself, for I am It and It is I. We are interchangeable terms; one in essence, but dual in the sense of being expressed or unexpressed.

If consciousness is awake only at the point of the ray, then I seem to be but a small being, but with a wider consciousness comes a wider sense of being; and so on until I come to the place where the ray joins the centre, which is the place of All-Consciousness. There, you and I are one, but all along the ray consciousness we seem to be two, and hence arise our relations one with another. We act and react upon the external side of life, impelled to it by the sense of separation. All this is right and beautiful when back of it lies the knowledge of oneness of essence. Without that knowledge of unity in variety discord reigns, causing unrest of mind and disease of body. As a man thinketh in his heart, you know, so is he; therefore it makes a great difference to you what you think in your heart.

What does it mean to think in your heart? Does it mean anything more than thinking in your mind? Yes, it does. To think in your heart is to realize. A great deal of the process we call thinking has no more life in it than the rattling of dry peas in a pod, but thinking in the heart is *live* thinking or realization.

If you therefore think of yourself as a little pigmy which has somehow come into this world, with no more self-generative power than an automaton, you will believe yourself to be a weak thing indeed; a mere football to be kicked about by circumstances, a mechanical toy like the doll which cries when you touch a spring, or the horse which walks when you wind up its machinery and stops when it runs down.

To know that you wind up your own machinery, or better still, that you are the power-house behind all action, and controlling it, is to think in your heart, from whence are the issues of life.

Remember, there is but one Being, although there are many expressions of that Being, and those expressions we call human

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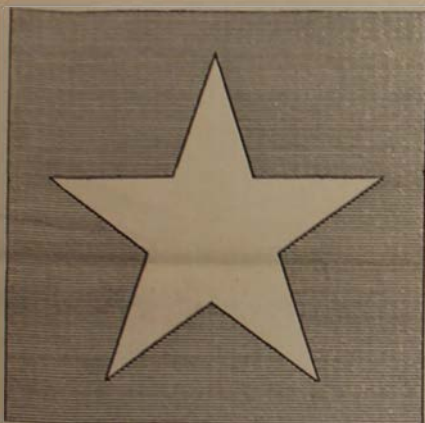
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Remember, there is but one Being, although there are many expressions of that Being, and those expressions we call human

beings. Trace every one of these beings back to the source, and they all come from it in a continuous flow, not separated in the least from that with which they are one.

If you can grasp this idea, though ever so faintly, you will begin to feel a greater sense of power. Consciousness will awaken at a place a little nearer to the central Being, at a wider place in the ray which we will call your human being. It is really Divine Being, but, as it is limited or expressed in form in the ray, it becomes human being.

You are doubtless familiar with the word Introspection, but possibly do not know what it means. Literally, it means to look into, or within. At any place in the ray consciousness, wherever you may find yourself, if you turn your attention inward, toward the central Being, you are then introspecting.

And what will it do for you? What is the good resulting from it? Why, just this: Your weakest endeavor in this direction calls more Being into expression, so that your human being thus becomes enlarged, strengthened and vitalized. Then with each accession of strength your introspection grows stronger, and you are able to make larger drawing on the Eternal Supply.

It is well worth your while to take this simple lesson and study it in connection with the diagram, for you will then see more clearly what I mean by finding your radiant centre. It is by getting into that centre that you begin to think in your heart. Your thoughts then become live things, and it is only when thus alive that they can heal disease in yourself or others. Only when thus alive can they create for you the peace which passeth understanding and the prosperity which shall beautify and enrich your life.

Do not be impatient if a great flood of illumination does not come to you at the first. Sometimes it does so come, but more frequently not. Calmness and expectancy never fail to bring the longed-for result in time, because you are working with the law; and that law is, that every human being shall come into the knowledge of its radiant centre. The path is not hard. Just a little quiet introspection each day, and there will dawn within you an ever-widening light which will at last unfold into the perfect day.

Illusion.

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view,
And "Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew."
"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There are no people living or dead;
There is nothing but Me and you."
"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
"Meeting you here this way.
That I have sinned I know full well;
And is there a heaven, and is there a hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"
"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be;
There are no such things as sin or fear;
There is no you; you have never been;
There is nothing at all but Me."

What's the Use of Being Afraid.

Winifred Black, in New York Journal.

"As long as you hold your own soul serene no storm on earth can shake you."

Who's afraid?

Are you?

Am I?

What are we afraid of?

Something—every one of us—a great, misty, shadowy something that's always going to overwhelm us and almost never does.

Courage is the one virtue worth having. It is the one attribute which will carry a weak human being through this vale of tears creditably. Some people don't believe in courage. They believe in cowardice.

I met a lady with a sensitive nature the other day. She has had trouble—most of us have. She has been bereaved—most of us have. She has lost her money—most of us have—and she is crushed. Simply crushed. So she wears mourning, with a veil like a shroud, and she grieves.

She lives all alone in a large house of her own and grieves. So useful. So edifying. There are people in trouble all around her.

There are children to be fed, sick women to be nursed, old friends to be comforted, but she can't help it. She has no time to worry about things. She is too busy being crushed.

Her friends are very proud of her.

They say she's such a delicate, sensitive creature.

This woman has a sister. The sister has suffered too, suffered agonies of anguish that have left great furrowed scars across the sunlight of the world to her.

She has been deceived by the one she trusted, and there is no agony on earth like unto that. She has been sick and poor and deserted and forlorn. But she has no time to grieve. She's too busy helping other people get well. She doesn't wear mourning. She takes great pains to dress as well as she can, so as to make a bright spot for some tired eyes to see. She makes it a point to be frivolous and light-hearted. She laughs a great deal. People are much entertained by her. They ask her to visit them, and when she's gone they say, "Isn't she a marvel; she's had trouble enough to kill any ordinary woman, but she doesn't feel things. Her poor sister, now, she's sensitive"—and they go and carry the poor sister some jelly and some flowers, and they pet her and pity her and she hugs her selfish, cowardly grief to her heart and is miserably proud of it.

I'm not proud of her.

I'm ashamed of her, and I am proud of her sister, the woman who doesn't feel things, the woman who has put her own misery into the background and gone on and on and on.

A coward!

What is a coward?

A coward is a creature who runs away from a thing when he ought to run toward it; that's all.

There is nothing on earth to be afraid of—nothing worth being afraid of, if you face it.

What frightens you? A burglar. Look him in the face and you'll find that he's quite an ordinary man, perhaps smaller than you are, and without the least idea of harming you unless you frighten him into it.

Ghosts?

You're something of a spirit yourself if

you only knew it.

Poverty?

Why, poverty is the greatest fun on earth, if you take it right.

Are you poor?

Be poor then and have the fun of it.

No dressing for dinner, no making calls on people that bore you to death. No fuss and feathers of pretense. Nothing but plain, everyday life, with the sunshine and the joy of living, such as any good, healthy dog has. What is there so awful in that? Sickness? That is soon over. Death? What a relief death must be. Separation from those you love?

Over half the fun of going away is the pleasure of coming back again.

A coward is the most unhappy wretch on earth. Do you remember the time you ran away from school and played pirates in the woods every afternoon for three days, and how sick you grew every time your mother looked at you for weeks, and how delightfully relieved you were when she really did find it out and you were through with the whole miserable affair?

The punishment was nothing, the fear of it was torment.

The man who habitually carries a pistol—what an agony of fear he must be in to drive him to such a habit.

Brave men do not arm themselves, except in times of special danger.

They are not afraid. A coward is always afraid, day and night, asleep or awake, eating or drinking—afraid, afraid, afraid.

Of what? Of his own, weak, grovelling spirit, of his own shrinking soul. If a man can not depend upon the friend within his own soul to help him in time of need he is indeed friendless.

What a fuss we all make about nothing!

A friend of mine died the other day. A beautiful old woman. She had suffered much, and in her old age poverty came to harass her.

But she did not worry. Her friends worried about her.

One of us suggested this, one wanted to do that, and one would not be satisfied unless such and such a thing was done for her, and while we wrangled gentle death came and laid his hand upon her brow and all her griefs were over.

It all comes to that in the end.

It is like pain. When one has suffered all that he can bear nature comes to his relief and he faints away. It is so with life.

When we have borne all that we can bear the burden is lifted from our shoulders.

When you get so much work to do that you can't do any of it, throw it all down and go fishing.

When you find yourself getting scared to death about something that may possibly happen to you, brace up and try to hurry it along. Get through with it; it will turn out to be nothing. Does a man confront you with a loaded gun? Meet him like a man.

Do your best to disarm him, but if he must shoot, let him shoot at a man, and not at a cringing coward.

Who's afraid?

As long as you hold your own soul serene no storm on earth can shake you.

It is a brave motto and one well worth the remembering. Let us carve it upon the shield we bear:

"Who's afraid?"

The Tripod.

In this number we shall present to the reader a review of Edward Carpenter's new book, entitled "A Visit to a Gnani"—a small work, but of priceless value to any one who is seeking for union with God and hopes to attain the state of Being defined as Sat-chit-ananda Brahm—sat, the Reality; chit, the knowing; ananda, the blissful—the three aspects of the one eternal, unchanging Brahm. A good deal has been written upon Indian philosophy, and especially the Vedanta Teaching, but the spiritual ideals of the East seem as far away as ever from the Western consciousness and civilization. There is something so altogether impersonal in the Teaching that one is not naturally attracted to it, nor fascinated by it. True, one has a respect for their venerable traditions and a reverence for their beloved masters, but respect and reverence are not sufficient inspirations for sacrificing a new and familiar cult for one which, to say the least, is involved in a system of Yoga practices quite unintelligible to the average mind. Mr. Carpenter seems to believe that the Eastern and Western methods differ only in the form of approach to one and the same ideal or end. "In the West," he says, "we are in the habit of looking on devotion to other humans (widening out into the social passion) as the most natural way of losing one's self-limitations and passing into a larger sphere of life and consciousness; while in the East this method is little thought of, or largely neglected, in favor of the concentration of oneself in the divine, and mergence in the universal in that way." With the Hindoo all is will, but with the West all is love. "Thus," he adds, "in the East the will constitutes the great path; but in the West the path has been more especially through love—and probably will be. The great teachers of the West—Plato, Jesus, Paul—have indicated this method rather than that of the ascetic will; though, of course, there have not been wanting exponents of both sides. The one method means the gradual dwindling of the local and external self through the inner concentration and aspiration; the other means the enlargement of the said self through affectional growth and nourishment, till at last it can contain itself no longer. The bursting of the sac takes place; the life is poured out, and, ceasing to be local, becomes universal."

It is more than possible that Mr. Carpenter has here most clearly presented the opposite sides of the sphere of Divinity in which the East and West both seek for liberation and peace. Yet, it is to be questioned whether complete freedom from excess of love is not in loving, but in Being. We have felt that the will is itself the best and highest realization of love—but not a love that limps along the path on a crutch, nor a love that finds in its ideal or itself the seed or inspiration of its issue or end, but love which is above temperament and personality, and in the sphere where truth alone is supreme finds the Perfect love in the Perfect will, and the Perfect will in the Perfect truth. For love itself, if ever appealed to and kept in consciousness, becomes less than the Perfect, and its devotee is as much a slave as he who says that eternal life without eternal love is undesirable. The end is neither life nor love, but Being, which is

the apotheosis of both life and love. Hence, Mr. Carpenter finds that everything in the East is so different from the West. Teaching, he writes, is authoritative and traditional, while in the West it is experimental and inductive. There are four stages or degrees of Hindu probation and emancipation—student, householder, yogi and gnani. The words yogi and gnani are interchangeable with ascetic and mendicant or sanyasin. The yogi wears a yellow garment; the gnani is freed from the use or need of clothing. The path is not one of hasty progression, one merging into the other at stated intervals, or like degrees in the Masonic order, for, as the author himself adds, "if there is a higher form of consciousness attainable by man than that which he for the most part can claim at present, it is probable, nay certain, that it is evolving, and will evolve, but slowly, and with many a slip and hesitant pause by the way." For only by will can one attain to the realization of Nirvana; he alone knows that "in the hidden births of time there lurks a consciousness which is not the consciousness of sensation and which is not the consciousness of self—or which at least includes or entirely surpasses these—a consciousness in which the contrast between the ego and the external world, and the distinction between subject and object, fall away." No! Inward the path leads to the sphere of self-emptiness and God, for "there is no sudden leap out of the back parlor into Olympus; and the routes, when found from one to the other, are long and bewildering in their variety." And what makes their life so beautiful and their Teaching so convincing are their open and insistent claims that their experiences are not abnormal nor miraculous, but possible in and with all.

The East has little to do with what is known in the Western world by the word Spiritism. The Hindu recognizes "the existence of persons," as Mr. Carpenter writes, "of demonic faculty, who have acquired powers of a certain grade without corresponding moral evolution, and they admit the rarity of the highest phases of consciousness and the fewness of those at present fitted for its attainment;" yet, instead of allowing their mind or organism to be obsessed (which is not even Western in its individualism, for the West seeks rather personal consciousness, although such obsession may be the reflection or echoing of the personal or individual consciousness), which is peculiar to the West, which exalts the local self, the East "seeks the universal consciousness, and in those cases where its quest succeeds, individual self and life thin away to a mere film, and are only shadows cast by the glory revealed beyond." Speaking of thought, he affirms that the individual consciousness takes the form of Thought, which, to use his own apt language, "with its fluid and mobile-like quicksilver, perpetually in a state of change and unrest, fraught with pain and effort; the other consciousness is not in the form of Thought. It touches, sees, hears, and is those things which it perceives—without motion, without change, without effort, without distinction of subject and object, but with a vast and incredible joy." He further defines the cosmic consciousness, which is the impersonal, universal consciousness to which in "The System of Philosophy Concerning Divinity" we so often refer; "as a solid is

related to its own surfaces, so, it would appear, is the cosmic consciousness related to the ordinary consciousness. The phases of the personal consciousness are but different faces of the other consciousness; and experiences which seem remote from each other in the individual are perhaps all equally near in the universal. Space itself, as we know it, may be practically annihilated in the consciousness of a larger space of which it is but the superficies; and a person living in London may not unlikely find that he has a back-door opening quite simply and unceremoniously out in Bombay."

In the practical issues of such life he perceives the inevitable contrasts between Eastern and Western civilizations. The action and hurry of the West overwhelm one, for here the ideal of life is "to have an almost insanely active brain, and to be perpetually on the warpath with fearful and wonderful projects, plans and purposes;" but in India all this is changed, and there you will find leading men "deliberately passing beyond all of these and addressing themselves to the task of effacing their own thought, effacing all their own projects and purposes, in order that the diviner consciousness may enter in and occupy the room so prepared." Hence, Mr. Carpenter shows that in practice the Gnani seeks to enter now into the cosmic calm. "The wandering of the mind, its division and distraction, its openness to attack by brigand cares and anxieties, its incapacity to heartily enjoy itself in its work, not only lame and cripple and torment it, but are a mark of the want of that faith which believes in the Now as the divine moment, and takes no thought for the morrow. To concentrate at all times wholly and unreservedly in what you are doing at the moment is, they say, a distinct step in Gnanam." Then comes the effacement of Thought when oblivion comes; then that veil lifts and there "streams through his vision a vast and illumined consciousness, glorious, that fills and overflows him, * * * it is Samadhi, the universal I Am."

The book deserves a wide circulation, and will surely receive it if the student will prize the truth when it can be had for so little.

This book can be had at the office of The Radiant Centre. Price, \$1.

His Testimonial.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"After Using the automating Backaction a type writ, er for thre emonth and Over. I unhesstatingly pronounce it pronoece it to be al even more than the Manufacturs Claim? for it During the time been in possession e i. th ree month zi id has more than paid for itself in the saving of it an dlabor.—John \$ Gibbs."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly went away.—Columbian.

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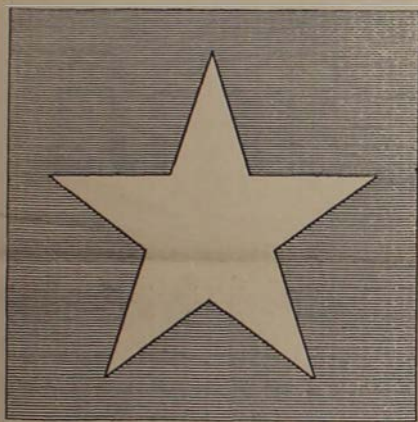
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Hence it follows that you are either crabbed and embittered or else saddened and melancholy. From start to finish the sunshine you sought to grasp was a bit of happiness, but always and ever it turned to illusion just as your hand closed upon it. You have reached the darkness of night. The sun has set and there is no longer the

tiest speck of sunshine for you to follow. So you say and think, but, O, child in the house of truth, do you not know that the sun does not sink to rise no more? Tomorrow is coming and with it the sun. Possibly the clouds may obscure it, but there is another day after that. There is not a weather bureau in existence which will predict cloudy days forever, and there is a perfect analogy between the physical and mental world, so I am sustained by science in my fair-weather prediction. Somehow, somewhen, somewhere, your sun will rise and shine, whether you believe it or not.

But you never can grasp sunshine in your hand. That has been your mistake. Moreover, it would not do you any good if you could so grasp it, for sunshine, by virtue of its fine, etheric nature, permeates you and fills you with its life-giving power, which it could not do if solid enough to be held in your hand. Do not quarrel with the sunshine for being just what it is, but place yourself in a certain relation to it and receive its influx.

And now look at the diagram which heads this lesson while I explain it to you. It is that of a radiant figure set in a dark background, and I have chosen it to represent a central truth in the law of Being. This truth is that God and Man are one. If you can get a realizing sense of this you are on the path of realization. You will notice that as the rays from the centre push outward they grow narrower, until finally they reach a point, and just for the purpose of illustration I am going to suppose that this point of the ray represents the mind of man before it has much knowledge of Reality. Let the dark background stand for negation or matter and you will see that the mind at this stage of its unfoldment has not at its command so much of the central light as it must possess when active in the wider and ever-widening ray as you trace it toward the centre.

Now, right here I wish to make an important distinction between consciousness and the thinking process. They seem at first sight to be one and the same, but they are not, for I can think and be conscious of myself as thinking, or I can think and not be conscious of that thinking. For instance, I may set out to give my undivided attention to a subject, and after a few moments of concentrated thought, off goes my attention to one or more extraneous subjects, and I busy myself with them un-

til I pull myself together with a start and discover that I have strayed away from my subject. During the interval of thinking I was not conscious of the straying, but now I know of it. Undoubtedly there are mental operations continually going on in me of which I am not conscious, for I am a much larger being than I formerly supposed myself to be. How large, do you ask? Why, as large as Infinity itself, for I am It and It is I. We are interchangeable terms; one in essence, but dual in the sense of being expressed or unexpressed.

If consciousness is awake only at the point of the ray, then I seem to be but a small being, but with a wider consciousness comes a wider sense of being; and so on until I come to the place where the ray joins the centre, which is the place of All-Consciousness. There, you and I are one, but all along the ray consciousness we seem to be two, and hence arise our relations one with another. We act and react upon the external side of life, impelled to it by the sense of separation. All this is right and beautiful when back of it lies the knowledge of oneness of essence. Without that knowledge of unity in variety discord reigns, causing unrest of mind and disease of body. As a man thinketh in his heart, you know, so is he; therefore it makes a great difference to you what you think in your heart.

What does it mean to think in your heart? Does it mean anything more than thinking in your mind? Yes, it does. To think in your heart is to realize. A great deal of the process we call thinking has no more life in it than the rattling of dry peas in a pod, but thinking in the heart is *live* thinking or realization.

If you therefore think of yourself as a little pigmy which has somehow come into this world, with no more self-generative power than an automaton, you will believe yourself to be a weak thing indeed; a mere football to be kicked about by circumstances, a mechanical toy like the doll which cries when you touch a spring, or the horse which walks when you wind up its machinery and stops when it runs down.

To know that you wind up your own machinery, or better still, that you are the power-house behind all action, and controlling it, is to think in your heart, from whence are the issues of life.

Remember, there is but one Being, although there are many expressions of that Being, and those expressions we call human

beings. Trace every one of these beings back to the source, and they all come from it in a continuous flow, not separated in the least from that with which they are one.

If you can grasp this idea, though ever so faintly, you will begin to feel a greater sense of power. Consciousness will awaken at a place a little nearer to the central Being, at a wider place in the ray which we will call your human being. It is really Divine Being, but, as it is limited or expressed in form in the ray, it becomes human being.

You are doubtless familiar with the word Introspection, but possibly do not know what it means. Literally, it means to look into, or within. At any place in the ray consciousness, wherever you may find yourself, if you turn your attention inward, toward the central Being, you are then introspecting.

And what will it do for you? What is the good resulting from it? Why, just this: Your weakest endeavor in this direction calls more Being into expression, so that your human being thus becomes enlarged, strengthened and vitalized. Then with each accession of strength your introspection grows stronger, and you are able to make larger drawing on the Eternal Supply.

It is well worth your while to take this simple lesson and study it in connection with the diagram, for you will then see more clearly what I mean by finding your radiant centre. It is by getting into that centre that you begin to think in your heart. Your thoughts then become live things, and it is only when thus alive that they can heal disease in yourself or others. Only when thus alive can they create for you the peace which passeth understanding and the prosperity which shall beautify and enrich your life.

Do not be impatient if a great flood of illumination does not come to you at the first. Sometimes it does so come, but more frequently not. Calmness and expectancy never fail to bring the longed-for result in time, because you are working with the law; and that law is, that every human being shall come into the knowledge of its radiant centre. The path is not hard. Just a little quiet introspection each day, and there will dawn within you an ever-widening light which will at last unfold into the perfect day.

Illusion.

God and I in space alone,

And nobody else in view,

And "Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,

"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew."

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,

"A dream that seemed to be true.

There are no people living or dead;

There is nothing but Me and you."

"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,

"Meeting you here this way.

That I have sinned I know full well;

And is there a heaven, and is there a hell,

And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,

"Dreams that have ceased to be;

There are no such things as sin or fear;

There is no you; you have never been;

There is nothing at all but Me."

What's the Use of Being Afraid.

Winifred Black, in New York Journal.

"As long as you hold your
own soul serene no storm
on earth can shake you."

Who's afraid?

Are you?

Am I?

What are we afraid of?

Something—every one of us—a great, misty, shadowy something that's always going to overwhelm us and almost never does.

Courage is the one virtue worth having. It is the one attribute which will carry a weak human being through this vale of tears creditably. Some people don't believe in courage. They believe in cowardice.

I met a lady with a sensitive nature the other day. She has had trouble—most of us have. She has been bereaved—most of us have. She has lost her money—most of us have—and she is crushed. Simply crushed. So she wears mourning, with a veil like a shroud, and she grieves.

She lives all alone in a large house of her own and grieves. So useful. So edifying. There are people in trouble all around her.

There are children to be fed, sick women to be nursed, old friends to be comforted, but she can't help it. She has no time to worry about things. She is too busy being crushed.

Her friends are very proud of her.

They say she's such a delicate, sensitive creature.

This woman has a sister. The sister has suffered too, suffered agonies of anguish that have left great furrowed scars across the sunlight of the world to her.

She has been deceived by the one she trusted, and there is no agony on earth like unto that. She has been sick and poor and deserted and forlorn. But she has no time to grieve. She's too busy helping other people get well. She doesn't wear mourning. She takes great pains to dress as well as she can, so as to make a bright spot for some tired eyes to see. She makes it a point to be frivolous and light-hearted. She laughs a great deal. People are much entertained by her. They ask her to visit them, and when she's gone they say, "Isn't she a marvel; she's had trouble enough to kill any ordinary woman, but she doesn't feel things. Her poor sister, now, she's sensitive"—and they go and carry the poor sister some jelly and some flowers, and they pet her and pity her and she hugs her selfish, cowardly grief to her heart and is miserably proud of it.

I'm not proud of her.

I'm ashamed of her, and I am proud of her sister, the woman who doesn't feel things, the woman who has put her own misery into the background and gone on and on and on.

A coward!

What is a coward?

A coward is a creature who runs away from a thing when he ought to run toward it; that's all.

There is nothing on earth to be afraid of—nothing worth being afraid of, if you face it.

What frightens you? A burglar. Look him in the face and you'll find that he's quite an ordinary man, perhaps smaller than you are, and without the least idea of harming you unless you frighten him into it.

Ghosts?

You're something of a spirit yourself if

you only knew it.

Poverty?

Why, poverty is the greatest fun on earth, if you take it right.

Are you poor?

Be poor then and have the fun of it.

No dressing for dinner, no making calls on people that bore you to death. No fuss and feathers of pretense. Nothing but plain, everyday life, with the sunshine and the joy of living, such as any good, healthy dog has. What is there so awful in that? Sickness? That is soon over. Death? What a relief death must be. Separation from those you love?

Over half the fun of going away is the pleasure of coming back again.

A coward is the most unhappy wretch on earth. Do you remember the time you ran away from school and played pirates in the woods every afternoon for three days, and how sick you grew every time your mother looked at you for weeks, and how delightfully relieved you were when she really did find it out and you were through with the whole miserable affair?

The punishment was nothing, the fear of it was torment.

The man who habitually carries a pistol—what an agony of fear he must be in to drive him to such a habit.

Brave men do not arm themselves, except in times of special danger.

They are not afraid. A coward is always afraid, day and night, asleep or awake, eating or drinking—afraid, afraid, afraid.

Of what? Of his own, weak, grovelling spirit, of his own shrinking soul. If a man can not depend upon the friend within his own soul to help him in time of need he is indeed friendless.

What a fuss we all make about nothing!

A friend of mine died the other day. A beautiful old woman. She had suffered much, and in her old age poverty came to harass her.

But she did not worry. Her friends worried about her.

One of us suggested this, one wanted to do that, and one would not be satisfied unless such and such a thing was done for her, and while we wrangled gentle death came and laid his hand upon her brow and all her griefs were over.

It all comes to that in the end.

It is like pain. When one has suffered all that he can bear nature comes to his relief and he faints away. It is so with life.

When we have borne all that we can bear the burden is lifted from our shoulders.

When you get so much work to do that you can't do any of it, throw it all down and go fishing.

When you find yourself getting scared to death about something that may possibly happen to you, brace up and try to hurry it along. Get through with it; it will turn out to be nothing. Does a man confront you with a loaded gun? Meet him like a man.

Do your best to disarm him, but if he must shoot, let him shoot at a man, and not at a cringing coward.

Who's afraid?

As long as you hold your own soul serene no storm on earth can shake you.

It is a brave motto and one well worth the remembering. Let us carve it upon the shield we bear:

"Who's afraid?"

The Tripod.

In this number we shall present to the reader a review of Edward Carpenter's new book, entitled "A Visit to a Gnani"—a small work, but of priceless value to any one who is seeking for union with God and hopes to attain the state of Being defined as Sat-chit-ananda Brahm—sat, the Reality; chit, the knowing; ananda, the blissful—the three aspects of the one eternal, unchanging Brahm. A good deal has been written upon Indian philosophy, and especially the Vedanta Teaching, but the spiritual ideals of the East seem as far away as ever from the Western consciousness and civilization. There is something so altogether impersonal in the Teaching that one is not naturally attracted to it, nor fascinated by it. True, one has a respect for their venerable traditions and a reverence for their beloved masters, but respect and reverence are not sufficient inspirations for sacrificing a new and familiar cult for one which, to say the least, is involved in a system of Yoga practices quite unintelligible to the average mind. Mr. Carpenter seems to believe that the Eastern and Western methods differ only in the form of approach to one and the same ideal or end. "In the West," he says, "we are in the habit of looking on devotion to other humans (widening out into the social passion) as the most natural way of losing one's self-limitations and passing into a larger sphere of life and consciousness; while in the East this method is little thought of, or largely neglected, in favor of the concentration of oneself in the divine, and mergence in the universal in that way." With the Hindoo all is will, but with the West all is love. "Thus," he adds, "in the East the will constitutes the great path; but in the West the path has been more especially through love—and probably will be. The great teachers of the West—Plato, Jesus, Paul—have indicated this method rather than that of the ascetic will; though, of course, there have not been wanting exponents of both sides. The one method means the gradual dwindling of the local and external self through the inner concentration and aspiration; the other means the enlargement of the said self through affectional growth and nourishment, till at last it can contain itself no longer. The bursting of the sac takes place; the life is poured out, and, ceasing to be local, becomes universal."

It is more than possible that Mr. Carpenter has here most clearly presented the opposite sides of the sphere of Divinity in which the East and West both seek for liberation and peace. Yet, it is to be questioned whether complete freedom from excess of love is not in loving, but in Being. We have felt that the will is itself the best and highest realization of love—but not a love that limps along the path on a crutch, nor a love that finds in its ideal or itself the seed or inspiration of its issue or end, but love which is above temperament and personality, and in the sphere where truth alone is supreme finds the Perfect love in the Perfect will, and the Perfect will in the Perfect truth. For love itself, if ever appealed to and kept in consciousness, becomes less than the Perfect, and its devotee is as much a slave as he who says that eternal life without eternal love is undesirable. The end is neither life nor love, but Being, which is

the apotheosis of both life and love. Hence, Mr. Carpenter finds that everything in the East is so different from the West. Teaching, he writes, is authoritative and traditional, while in the West it is experimental and inductive. There are four stages or degrees of Hindu probation and emancipation—student, householder, yogi and gnani. The words yogi and gnani are interchangeable with ascetic and mendicant or sanyasin. The yogi wears a yellow garment; the gnani is freed from the use or need of clothing. The path is not one of hasty progression, one merging into the other at stated intervals, or like degrees in the Masonic order, for, as the author himself adds, "if there is a higher form of consciousness attainable by man than that which he for the most part can claim at present, it is probable, nay certain, that it is evolving, and will evolve, but slowly, and with many a slip and hesitant pause by the way." For only by will can one attain to the realization of Nirvana; he alone knows that "in the hidden births of time there lurks a consciousness which is not the consciousness of sensation and which is not the consciousness of self—or which at least includes or entirely surpasses these—a consciousness in which the contrast between the ego and the external world, and the distinction between subject and object, fall away." No! Inward the path leads to the sphere of self-emptiness and God, for "there is no sudden leap out of the back parlor into Olympus; and the routes, when found from one to the other, are long and bewildering in their variety." And what makes their life so beautiful and their Teaching so convincing are their open and insistent claims that their experiences are not abnormal nor miraculous, but possible in and with all.

The East has little to do with what is known in the Western world by the word Spiritism. The Hindu recognizes "the existence of persons," as Mr. Carpenter writes, "of demonic faculty, who have acquired powers of a certain grade without corresponding moral evolution, and they admit the rarity of the highest phases of consciousness and the fewness of those at present fitted for its attainment;" yet, instead of allowing their mind or organism to be obsessed (which is not even Western in its individualism, for the West seeks rather personal consciousness, although such obsession may be the reflection or echoing of the personal or individual consciousness), which is peculiar to the West, which exalts the local self, the East "seeks the universal consciousness, and in those cases where its quest succeeds, individual self and life thin away to a mere film, and are only shadows cast by the glory revealed beyond." Speaking of thought, he affirms that the individual consciousness takes the form of Thought, which, to use his own apt language, "with its fluid and mobile-like quicksilver, perpetually in a state of change and unrest, fraught with pain and effort; the other consciousness is not in the form of Thought. It touches, sees, hears, and is those things which it perceives—without motion, without change, without effort, without distinction of subject and object, but with a vast and incredible joy." He further defines the cosmic consciousness, which is the impersonal, universal consciousness to which in "The System of Philosophy Concerning Divinity" we so often refer; "as a solid is

related to its own surfaces, so, it would appear, is the cosmic consciousness related to the ordinary consciousness. The phases of the personal consciousness are but different faces of the other consciousness; and experiences which seem remote from each other in the individual are perhaps all equally near in the universal. Space itself, as we know it, may be practically annihilated in the consciousness of a larger space of which it is but the superficies; and a person living in London may not unlikely find that he has a back-door opening quite simply and unceremoniously out in Bombay."

In the practical issues of such life he perceives the inevitable contrasts between Eastern and Western civilizations. The action and hurry of the West overwhelm one, for here the ideal of life is "to have an almost insanely active brain, and to be perpetually on the warpath with fearful and wonderful projects, plans and purposes;" but in India all this is changed, and there you will find leading men "deliberately passing beyond all of these and addressing themselves to the task of effacing their own thought, effacing all their own projects and purposes, in order that the diviner consciousness may enter in and occupy the room so prepared." Hence, Mr. Carpenter shows that in practice the Gnani seeks to enter now into the cosmic calm. "The wandering of the mind, its division and distraction, its openness to attack by brigand cares and anxieties, its incapacity to heartily enjoy itself in its work, not only lame and cripple and torment it, but are a mark of the want of that faith which believes in the Now as the divine moment, and takes no thought for the morrow. To concentrate at all times wholly and unreservedly in what you are doing at the moment is, they say, a distinct step in Gnanam." Then comes the effacement of Thought when oblivion comes; then that veil lifts and there "streams through his vision a vast and illumined consciousness, glorious, that fills and overflows him, * * * it is Samadhi, the universal I Am."

The book deserves a wide circulation, and will surely receive it if the student will prize the truth when it can be had for so little.

This book can be had at the office of The Radiant Centre. Price, \$1.

His Testimonial.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"After Using the automating Backaction a type writ, er for thre emonth and Over. I unhessttatingly pronounce it pronoce it to be al even more than the Manufacturs Claim? for it During the time been in possession e i. th ree month zi id has more than paid for itself in the saving of it an labor.—John \$ Gibbs."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly went away.—Columbian.



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Editorial Notes and Reviews.

I wish my readers would not think that every article or advertisement which finds its way into my paper is an exact echo of my thought, or has my endorsement. I sometimes publish articles with which I am not wholly in sympathy, and am prompted to this by a feeling of liberality toward the views of others and a willingness to accord them an expression.

With reference to advertisements, they constitute the paying end of the paper, and while I would not knowingly advertise anyone who would not treat the public with perfect fairness, still I can not determine beforehand the business methods of my advertisers. Where their method of dealing is not satisfactory to my subscribers I hope the matter will be made known to me, that I may be able to either rectify the mistake, or, failing in that, to drop the advertisement.

It does not follow from this that when an advertisement is dropped from my paper there has been any complaint regarding it. It may only mean that the time agreed upon for advertising has expired.

I have just received for review Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey's two books, "The New Gospel of Health" and "A New Era for Woman, or Health Without Drugs," the latter with an introduction by Alice McClellan Birney, president of the National Congress of Mothers.

While I do not believe in a slavish subjection to hygienic detail, I do feel that if the gospel of health can be summed up on the physical side, in some one striking proposition, it is a decided gain. When the great channel which gives Chicago its water supply was in process of construction, it was tunneled from both ends—from the middle of the lake and from the city. So scientific was the engineering that the tunneling forces met with perfect accuracy.

Now, why may we not work in this way while opening the health channel? The vigilant eye of the spirit does not fail to observe the necessity for clothes and food, and why shall it not discriminate as to what clothes and food shall be ours?

Dr. Dewey's regime appeals to me because it is simple, easy to learn, and so reasonable. His books should be in the hands of every one who can afford them. Further particulars and price are to be found in our advertising columns. I heartily endorse these books and believe they can be used in conjunction with mental treatment to the great advantage of both healer and patient.

While June, the month of roses and of weddings, is with us my proposed articles upon Love and Marriage would seem most timely, but for some reason I am held back. The subject still hovers in the horizon. It does not approach so that I can see it clearly. Until I get a fuller vision of this theme, so mighty in its import, I can not deliver the message which it is mine to give. Unless my message is the Universal Message it is not worthy of the utterance, and so while I seek the Universal—I wait!

I am often asked how thought vibrations can bring success, and as some of my subscribers have not studied my Seven Essays on the Attainment of Happiness I will quote from the third essay several paragraphs, which will prove helpful to the understanding of a subject full of mystery to the uninitiated.

(ESSAY THREE.)

It has been taught that by throwing out certain vibrations into the Universal Mind, one can bring to himself success. That is true, and there are certain conditions specially favorable to throwing out such potent vibrations. This is one of them. If at a time when you are shaken to the very roots of your being by disappointment and failure, you can bravely stand your ground and persist in your determination, even though you may see scattered all about you the dead leaves of past effort, right then and there, in that very instant, you are establishing a vibration which will bring to you the long delayed success. Remember you are not alone. You are working in the Universal Mind. Your thought vibrations are going out into it, and are effective, either for or against your purpose according to the manner of their projection.

Several years ago, before occult topics were as much in favor as they are to-day, Mark Twain wrote an article upon telepathy containing incidents which were strictly true. As it was not in his usual vein of humor, and yet contained such remarkably unheard-of occurrences, Twain had not the courage to have it published

over his own name, and so sent it to several magazines, one after another, with the request that it be published anonymously. Each declined to do this, although willing to use it with Twain's signature. As a result the article was pigeonholed for several years, until by a turn in public sentiment, the author finally mustered up courage sufficient to acknowledge his offspring. It came out in a Christmas number of Harper's and was most interesting. One incident in particular impressed me forcibly, running as follows:

A friend of Mark Twain's, a resident of Hartford, had been repapering his parlors. When the work was nearly finished, the paper ran short and the dealers sent to the factory for more, but the stock was exhausted. Then they sent all over the country to retail dealers, but all to no purpose. Finally it was decided that another paper must replace that which partially covered the walls, and paperhangers were accordingly sent to the house. Just as they were beginning work, the bell rang, heralding the entrance of an old friend of the master of the house, to whom he naturally related the shortcoming in paper. The friend turned upon him with a peculiar smile, saying: "Now I know why I was impelled to come here this morning. It was in obedience to an impression which I was powerless to resist. Your thought has drawn me, and I am here in response to your silent appeal. I have that paper on a room in my house, and there is still some unused, which is at your service."

This is a true incident, and what does it prove? Simply, that there are ways of travel in the Universal Mind just as actual as the visible ones of a city. Thought traverses these mental ways in seeking its object, and if persistent it will surely find that object. These ways, however, are not like those of a terrestrial city. They are vibrating forces which encompass you. It is thus that:

"I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

When you trust to these forces in their entirety, you are following the leading of the Universal Mind, and have found your true bearings. You will find ways closing up behind you, and on either side. You will feel no longer any uncertainty as to the road you are to take, for there is but one way open, and that lies before you. There will be heights to climb, but those you will surmount. There may be lions in your path, but they will play about your advancing feet, for "when the pulse of the hero beats in unison with Nature, and he steps to the measure of the Universe, then there is true courage and invincible strength."

Does treatment for prosperity pervert the spiritual powers? Certainly not! Read the refutation to that statement in Correspondence Column.

Answers to Correspondents.

Some one writes to ask if I have read an article in "Mind" for June entitled "A Perversion of Spiritual Powers," and if so, what I think of it.

The article in question is hardly worth consideration, inasmuch as its writer starts with the premise that business success must involve greed and avarice, and from this false premise he sweeps on to an equally false conclusion. Of course. How could it be otherwise? If all commercial exchange is built upon a system of greed and avarice, then it certainly is a perversion of spiritual power to be successful in any sort of business, since all business involves commerce, or an exchange of commodity. Money is the measure of commodity, the basis of exchange, and "Money," says Emerson, "which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly to be spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses."

Money is all right, and its possession is all right—provided your method of obtaining it is right.

I'll venture to say that the writer of that article received some compensation for it—if he deserved compensation. Possibly he wears clothes and eats at least one meal a day. Does he pay for these commodities? If not, who does? By the law of compensation some one must.

Greed and avarice do exist. I do not deny it, but I do most emphatically deny that they are always the basis of wealth. I know people of great wealth who are good stewards, acquiring justly and dispensing generously. Surely our writer must have encountered some such people, for they are not wholly extinct, even in an age of greed like the present.

Since exchange is a necessity at the present juncture, and money is the measure of that exchange, the better the commodity the larger the money measure. What we want is a just valuation. To take large measure of money and give small measure of commodity is of course unjust, but to give large measure of commodity for large compensation is just and right, and a means to wealth. The man who carries a message to Garcia puts forth splendid effort, and deserves splendid compensation. If he does not get it, something is wrong; there is short measure on one side; the scales of justice do not balance.

Not that one should fix the eye on the compensation, for that surely leads to greed. That is the love of money which is said to be the root of all evil. When the attention is on the reward, it is not on the ways and means for carrying the message. That is all. If you would do a thing well, put your mind on it and not on the reward. If the artist dwells in thought upon the price which his picture will bring instead of fixing his eye on that ideal something which he would place upon the canvas, his work is cold, hard and meaningless. Its money value is thus lowered by the connoisseur who pronounces upon its merit.

A treatment for prosperity or business success stirs to action forces in the individual which have been lying dormant. When they awake to life he is thus enabled to give the world some service which it needs and wishes. That is the secret of a true success, which is not founded upon avarice and greed, but upon equity and justice.

There are good and bad stewards, but the fact that there are bad ones does not prove that success in business implies a perversion of spiritual powers.

In line with this question comes another—Do you not believe that those who profess to heal as Christ did should give their service without charge?

Yes; I have thought so, and the question is still on debatable ground. I know of a sweet and gentle soul who tried to follow the Christ life in this particular, and—he starved to death. But, then, the Christ life, if carried to the ultimate, leads to crucifixion, or, rather, it did in a bygone century. Now it would seem to point to slow suicide or to prison, for our moral code is severe on the man who travels without purse or scrip or has not where to lay his head. To take one's own life is held to be a crime, and yet this crime is just as surely committed by the man who allows himself to starve to death as by him who puts a bullet through his brain.

Is it that the Christ teaching is in direct opposition to our moral code, or do we fail to understand the Christ teaching, or should we cease the endeavor to apply that teaching literally to our present civilization?

It is small wonder that Emerson wrote: "Every Stoic was a Stoic, but where in Christendom is the Christian?" or that Count Tolstoi should proclaim the Christ life an impossible ideal.

I am inclined to the middle ground, viz., that the Christ teaching is not understood; that it is taken in the letter instead of the spirit—I mean as to present day needs. The future will see the unfolding of the highest ideal between man and man, when love shall reign supreme and when there shall be no buying and selling, but when men shall give each other service gladly, unstintedly. Even now in the sweet courtesies of life we will have none of the bargaining instinct. If my friend sends me flowers, shall I pay her for them? I recoil at the suggestion.

Long ago, in the savage past, such courtesies were unknown. They have come with the evolution of finer feeling, and a future age shall doubtless witness a still higher evolution. But we are dealing with a present age, and we must deal with it practically. The Christ leaven is stirring in the material lump, but the bread of life is not yet risen.

When Count Tolstoi had given his vast estate to the peasantry and, divested of every comfort, was lying ill upon a miserable pallet in a hovel, a brutish peasant demanded even that, saying: "O, you are not leading the Christ life unless you give me your bed."

There are wolves still who feed upon the lambs, and it is well that protection be given to those lambs; and so I say to those who are debating the question of charging for treatment, that I believe they should keep to this protective measure, for, as a rule, those who clamor most loudly for healing without remuneration are those who are able, but unwilling, to put in practice that other half of the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give." They do not fulfill the law of giving, therefore they are unfitted for the receiving. They are as a closed door, through which the healer's message can not enter, and all effort in their behalf is wasted.

Sometimes patients seek to bargain with the healer on the score of the "no cure, no pay plan." No respectable physician in the medical fraternity would enter into such a compact, and no self-respecting healer should. In both instances it is the time and attention which is paid for, and not the healing. The patient runs his chances with a doctor, and should also with the healer. If a patient dies under the attendance of a doctor the estate pays the bill for the attendance. Whether souls are converted or not the minister in the pulpit is paid for his ministration, and faithful service, wherever found, should have its compensation, whatever be the result of that service.

No investment is absolutely certain. Something is always to be risked. One is just as safe, and shall I not say safer, to invest in mental healing as in any other method? At the present writing a Homeopathic convention is in progress in this city, and Homeopaths are in high renown. Honor is given to Hahnemann, a monument to his memory is dedicated with impressive services; the Attorney-General lauds the works of the great physician in a thrilling speech; President McKinley dignifies the occasion with his presence, while the Marine Band renders patriotic airs. Yet the day is not long past when Homeopathy was a greatly despised little weakling, scoffed at, and persecuted almost to the death, because it professed to heal disease with finer remedies than were then in vogue. To-day those remedies are attenuated to a far greater degree, but Homeopathy has taken its place in the triumphal car of the world's progress and rides over public prejudice with an air lofty and serene.

The procession is moving on. Progress is not at an end. Can you not see a glorious chariot approaching? Triumphant, majestically it moves onward. Nothing can retard its motion, nothing turn aside, for it is the carriage of a king, even of Divinity itself, and it comes dispensing healing to the nations.

"In a garment of sensitive flame

In the West—and a royal blue sky overhead,

With exuberant breath and the bloom of all things

Having wonders and wings,

Being risen elate from the dead,

Yes it came with a flush

Of pied flowers, and a turbulent rush

Of spring-loosened waters and an odorous hush

At nightfall—and then I was glad

With the gladness of one who for militant months has been sad."

—Richard Burton in *Quest of Summer*.

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"However—no Matter."

There was once a man who between his desire to express the thoughts that burned within him, and his extreme sensitiveness lest he should bore his friends in the somewhat long-winded utterances of these thoughts, was in the habit of breaking off his story at the first sign of inattention with the above words, "However—no matter." This phrase passed into a byword, but its peculiar, its real spiritual significance never struck me till the other day, when by their use I summed up and dismissed a somewhat vexatious situation.

It was a mistake that made me ridiculous, brought about by the carelessness of another person. At least for a full hour I had assured myself that such was the case. It was a mistake that had gone into print, and there was no way of remedying it for weeks at least.

"Such ignorance was culpable," I mentally blustered. "I would take good care that it didn't happen again. When I saw that man he'd have a piece of my mind. He would never—no, never—do any more work for me."

At last there came a change. The "still small voice" began to be heard, and with a little shame and considerable relief I gave up the job, saying as I do so:

"However—no matter."

Now, my friends all know that I believe a lot of things that a good many other people do not, and that my life holds some wonderful experiences. Here was another strange and remarkable episode, and I am going to tell it because it will be good for you, whether you at present understand it or not.

It is generally true of me that when I dismiss a disagreeable subject, I really do let go of it entirely. The above circumstance was no exception to the rule. I turned to my work, and in two minutes had forgotten all about it.

There are some things that are indescribable, but those of my readers who have heard this inner voice, which speaks with words far more distinct and appropriate than any outside voice heard by the outer ear, and which really seems to use the physical organ of hearing, will know what I mean. This is what the voice said:

"Why could you not have said, 'However—no matter' an hour ago as well as now?"

This was all; but wasn't it enough? If that was not a pregnant question, I would like to hear one. Who asked it? Was it a friend, or was it the higher part of myself—the *alter ego*? I do not really know, but am inclined to the friend theory on this occasion. It seemed like one having authority—a special angel or a sturdy counsellor.

What did I answer?

Not a word, but I believe I thought faster than ever before in my life. I realized that this hour of fret, chagrin and denunciation was utterly opposed to my principles and my preaching. I realized also that I should have thought such behavior very foolish in another. In fact, the curtain was lifted upon many a scene, and I received the full benefit of the lesson. This was good, and I was more thankful than words can express.

In the largest sense it makes very little difference as to the authorship or the manner of receiving the message. The message

itself was the chief consideration. Still, I am sure it is our right, and will soon be our privilege, to understand these occult things, for "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." It all depends upon our attitude toward them, our truthfulness, our patience, our steadfast desire to do the very best that in us lies, and last but not least, indeed, it comprehendeth the whole—the realization of our divinity.

And now to the main point. Why could I not have said, "However—no matter" an hour before as well as when I did? I know why I did not. It was because for the moment I lost sight of the divine standard, and struck out in the usual material manner of fussing and getting even. I was wroth at being made ridiculous, at being reported as saying something that nobody but a fool could ever have said; and yet, although I had spoken no word in the hearing of any mortal creature, I had for a whole hour made myself ridiculous, not only to myself, but perhaps to many another silent and kindly one.

Some of our readers will doubtless want to draw the line between anger and total renunciation, calling it righteous indignation. They will declare that I had no business to permit myself to be misrepresented; that it was my duty to deal with the offending party, etc. I am familiar with all these arguments. Haven't I spent years making them, and did I ever once in all my experience get the slightest comfort or satisfaction from them? Never. I have heard people say that they did, but their words, their looks, and their manner always contradicted their statements. "Righteous indignation" is St. Paul's cloak to cover a good fit of temper or resentment.

Again it will be asked, "But should we let everything pass? Are there not cases that should be immediately and sternly dealt with? Why should the author of this especial blunder, for instance, be allowed to keep on blundering?"

As if I could help it, or you, or you. I've tried that also. Such sweet moral lectures as I have delivered, such warnings and such prophecies. It seemed my duty then. Duty now is very different to me from what it used to be. My duty at present appears to be to smile pleasantly, act kindly, and to aim all the moral and spiritual ammunition in my possession at myself. Sometimes I get a fine whack and it is good for me.

It is, after all, a very comforting thought that we have absolutely no power to plan and govern another's life, no matter how near and dear that person may be. The law of individuality is as immutable as the law of gravitation or attraction. Every creature is a new creation and must develop according to its kind. Roses do not grow from turnip seed. We may help the growing of both roses or turnips if we understand the species, but we can not do their growing for them. If this truth were even approximately understood, there would be very much less suffering among mothers—the dear, blessed creatures who wear themselves into the grave endeavoring to live their children's lives. I used to think it was an awful thing that they could not. There was a screw loose somewhere or a loving, devoted parent could mould her child into any form that suited her taste and her conception of right and wrong. Now I realize that it would be an

awful thing if she could, because it would mean chaos and destruction for the race. There would be nothing under the heavens to tie to, no law, no order anywhere. That a wise mother can do a great deal for her children goes without saying. She can make her hawk a better hawk and put some sense into the head of her dove; that is, she can sometimes. But scoldings, nagging, protesting, coaxing, arguing, weeping, never did a bit of good, and never will.

It is quite probable that the mother of the man who blundered in my affairs was a chronically uncomfortable woman because of her inability to make him thorough and careful as a child and a youth. Perhaps she tormented him so that he didn't care what he did. Such things have been, and think of it, all for the good of the child; pure intentions and no results; going against the law instead of with it; casting oneself before the Juggernaut instead of walking beside it and guiding it.

A fortnight later I met my dear blunderer—truly, he's a splendid fellow—and we had a fine talk. His explanation didn't explain, but he did the best he could. I could have scolded that man till doomsday and he would simply have grown sullen and angry; and that is all I should have accomplished. As it is, I have kept my friend, and I sincerely believe he has learned a good lesson.

I think I can conscientiously recommend "However—no matter" as a splendid affirmation. It is a beautiful mixture of the positive and negative, and so it boxes the whole compass. But don't wait till you have fussed an hour or even five minutes before you say it.

Never mind what it is, dismiss it. You are obliged to do it ultimately, and why not at the moment?

I should like to know who said those words to me. Suppose I'll have to grow to the knowledge. "However—no matter!" —Eleanor Kirk, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Vivisection.

Carlyle Harris, who poisoned his wife a few years ago, practiced vivisection. Dr. Meyer, the murderer, had practiced vivisection; so had Dr. Buchanan; so had Dr. Graves, who poisoned Mrs. Barnaby; so had Dr. Cream, the notorious physician of Canada, who, it was shown, poisoned a large number of girls with strychnine, merely for the pleasure of witnessing their death agony. H. H. Holmes was a vivisectionist; so was young Durant, of San Francisco; so was the young murderer of Pearl Bryan, in Ohio. I believe that men who begin by killing animals are on the road to homicidal mania. They lose reverence for life, and they commit atrocious deeds in the name of science. Listen to this confession made by a German physician and scientist, and published in the "German Medical Weekly," No. 8, page 306: "I am sorry to say that it is very difficult to obtain subjects for such experiments (inoculation with tuberculosis). There are, of course, plenty of healthy children in consumptive families, but the parents are not always willing to give them up. Finally, I got a little boy for the purpose. * * * My patient was very susceptible to the poison. After I gave him an injection of one milligramme, the

most intense fever seized him. It lasted three or four days; one of the glands of the jaw and the small cervical gland swelled up enormously. I can not say whether the boy will be consumptive because of my treatment." "This," continued Mrs. White, "is the result of vivisection. I believe that human vivisection is being carried on in this city to a greater or less extent, as it has been in Boston, and is in Vienna, Paris, and other European cities."—North American, Philadelphia.

* * *

It is a notable fact that genius, which is another name for superior illumination, appears to be always opposed to vivisection. The recent passing of two of the greatest moral and intellectual lights of this country—Mr. Ruskin and Dr. Martineau—brings home this truth, says Public Opinion. Mr. Ruskin, than whom a greater moral teacher has not adorned this age, was such an uncompromising opponent of the practice that he resigned the Slade professorship of fine art at Oxford because of the support given to vivisection by that university; while the saintly philosophical thinker, Dr. Martineau, of whom Tennyson used to say, "He is greater than any of us," expressed, with characteristic originality, his opinion of it in the following letter to Miss F. P. Cobbe, the foundress of the movement against vivisection: "I should have been very sorry not to join in the protest against this hideous offense. The simultaneous loss from the morals of our scientific men of all reverent sentiment toward beings above them, as toward beings below them, is a curious and instructive phenomenon highly significant of the process which their natures are undergoing at both ends."—Light of Truth.

The Paradox Which Men Stumble Over.

Nothing comes by the direct seeking. If you seek to save your life you will lose it. The soldier who wants to save his life is sure to get killed. Hiding behind others, the spent and rebounding bullets hit him. He who stands right up to duty fearless and without thought of saving himself gets through a hundred battles. The sick person who wants health and thinks about his sick body thereby keeps it sick. Recovery can only come through utter self-abandon, through turning all the thoughts totally away from ailments. Thoughts of possible sickness brought it on and will increase it. "I am not sick, I will not appear sick, I will go about well people's enjoyments" constantly affirmed, draws one out of pain or misery. The poor person is poor only because he submits to the idea that he must be. So long as he scrimps and pinches himself and everybody else, money will not come. When he asserts his right to this world's goods and in wisdom goes for them, he always gets them. But he has to employ the indirect method. He goes to work to render service and pours his whole soul into rendering service. Money voluntarily comes to him then. Seek money without giving service and you are a thief. Give service and money is assured. If you seek happiness you never will find it. If one goes about imparting happiness and seeks none, more than he imparts comes to him. So seek happiness indirectly and you will get it the same as money and

health. If you want friends and start out toadying or bidding for friendship, enmity will come. If you do duty regardless of whether you have friends or not, the flies will flock about you. Therefore put sweetness in your life—nothing more. Friends will be too numerous to mention. Don't do people favors! Do justice and truth to yourself alone. Paradox here as everywhere in life. The beggar gets little. The one who volunteers a service is the true and occult "beggar," for to him that bath (wisdom) shall be given (money). It is the worst of nonsense for a woman to make love. That ruins her. If she wants to be loved she must never make love. Another paradox. The diplomat who blurts out what his government wants forewarns others how to prevent his getting it, and he will soon prove "persona non grata." There is but one difference between a wise man and a fool. The wise man acts on the law of paradoxes; the fool knows not that there are any. The fool is near-sighted; the wise man is far-sighted. The fool spends dollars in gunpowder; the wise man pennies for caramels.—Occult Truths.

A Progressive Diplomat.

The guests at a recent tea were treated to a discussion upon the new woman question, by Mr. Wu, that rather astonished them. Mr. Wu is extremely liberal in his views, as we all know, and in this case he crossed swords with the Rev. Henry N. Couden, the chaplain of the House, who astonished his listeners by taking a decidedly eighteenth century view of the question, and was literally outdone by a "Heathen Chinese," as far as advanced ideas on the woman question are concerned.

"I should like to see a woman at the head of this Government," said Mr. Wu.

This statement met with decided disfavor.

"Why not?" said Mr. Wu. "Are not some of the greatest nations of the world governed by women?"

He mentioned England, Spain, and would, doubtless, have cited another, but he was quickly sat upon by his opponent, who made the hackneyed statement that Queen Victoria was a "figure-head."

"Would she have allowed her subjects to fight the Boers?" asked the Rev. Couden.

"Your own President was led to fight against Spain by the people," replied Mr. Wu, who met his opponent on every point.

It is safe to assert that Minister Wu had the sympathy of all the guests present, and as women were in the majority, as is the case at all teas in Washington, he carried the day.

His various remarks were lost in the storms of indignation caused by the Rev. Couden's remarks to the contrary, and he retired from the contest decidedly the worst for his little tilt, especially as an Englishman loomed upon the horizon, and the chaplain said he only said what he did to draw Mr. Wu out.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Wu, with his characteristic candor.

"I am the chaplain of the House of Representatives," replied Mr. Couden.

"O, you do the praying," said Mr. Wu, as one would say, "That accounts for it."—The Washington Capital.

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Mrs. Harriet M. Peabody, who is doing a good work in educating the Navajo Indians, has brought some of their blankets to Washington. They are now for sale at the Electus Shoe Company, on F street, and can be purchased at a very low figure. Mrs. Peabody's address is 1512 Twenty-first street, where she can be seen by those who wish to interview her on the subject of Indian education, in which she is well versed. The sale of these blankets is for funds to carry on the work.

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